Sung Hee's New Job - Part 2

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Sung Hee's new job brings even more surprises

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(Author’s Note: This story, although fiction, is based upon a very real woman, a Korean American who also resides in southern California. The parallels, and there are many, between fictional Sung Hee and our real life heroine are deliberate and intentional. As you read this, know that much of Sung Hee lives in real life.)

I did not sleep very well that night. When my alarm went off, I sat straight up in bed. I looked over at my husband’s back, who was still asleep. Fuck! What was I doing?!? I was married ten years with a great guy who made a good living. I had two young daughters. I lived in an affluent area in Southern California, drove a nice car, had a nice house and had the life that would be the envy of 99% of the women in the world. What the hell had gotten into me yesterday?

I stepped in the shower and almost unconsciously, I reached for the razor and began to shave between my legs. I typically shaved my snatch every 3-4 days and I had shaved 2 days ago. It wasn’t quite time, but I already had the razor cleaning away the very tiny stubble on my pussy before I caught myself. It was like my brain was on automatic, or like I had no control over my right hand. It seemed to move of its own volition, very carefully, leaving only a small strip of hair in line with my slit. Jesus! What is wrong with me? Am I losing my mind? I stood under the hot water and all that I could think of was my new boss's face. Rick. He was a good looking, rugged fellow. I pictured him in something other than his suit. Geez, my mind was going straight into the gutter! All I seemed to be able to think about was him naked. I wondered where this was going? Was I nuts? And then, there it was – I was thinking about his cock. Was it big?

I jerked back to reality when I realized I had been touching myself and was about to cum. That wasn't allowed by Rick's rules. I stopped the shower and dried off. I had hidden my anal plug, part of my required work attire, in the back of my towel cupboard where my husband never ventured. I got it out, cleaned from the night before, and lowered my pussy onto it, letting my juices lubricate the knob before I set it on the toilet seat and lowered my ass onto it. Today it was less painful than yesterday; I almost enjoyed the sensation of inserting it. I wrapped my towel around myself and went to get

dressed. The feeling of my ass being so full made me think twice as I walked past the bed where my husband was still dozing.

I looked down at him and felt sorry for him. He was too good a guy to have a slut for a wife, but then again, he sometimes treated me like a slut. He enjoyed tying me up and sometimes writing on my face or my tits or another part of my body, “I’m a SLUT” or “Fuck this WHORE” and then taking photos of me like that. But truth be told, I enjoyed it too, and he knew it. I enjoyed being tied up, called a slut and treated like a slut. So we would have pretty raunchy romps in the bedroom on occasion, complete with ropes, restraints and ball gags. He even posted some of those photos (cropping my face) in adult websites online. We both got off on the attention my photos generated on the web. I looked at him and wondered about myself. Am I really a slut? Why am I this way? I walked into the closet and realized that I was excited about going to work. I was already beginning to think about what Rick would have in store for me today.

I chose a black skirt that came to just above my knees and my blue collared work shirt with a black chemise underneath. I finished my make-up. I don’t usually wear perfume, but today I gave myself a little quirt between my breasts and one on my neck, and I hurried out the door. Being on time to my new job wouldn't be difficult.

When the elevator opened, I smiled at the older lady behind her desk. She didn't approve of me, I was sure of that. I wondered how much she knew. How many had come and gone before me? It didn't matter. Yesterday was a blast and I was looking forward to today. I closed my office door behind me and sat down. There was a pastry and a coffee on my desk, and I had one new email.

Sung Hee,

Good Morning. Enjoy your breakfast while you enjoy a movie link.

Rick

I opened the link and tried to focus on my breakfast as I watched a young Asian girl with tiny, perky tits bounce on the cock of a man lying on the deck of a yacht in the sun. I wondered whether Rick chose this video especially for me. Cheeky bastard. She was covered in tanning oil and a woman standing behind her was kissing her neck and pinching her nipples. The three of them went at it for an hour, the girls taking turns riding the man's cock and sitting on his face while playing with each other. By the time it was over, my wetness felt like a puddle. I was sure to ruin another skirt today. I opened my next email:

Sung Hee,

I appreciate your prompt arrival to work this morning. I do hope you will always be on time. I admire your self-control as well. The live feed from your web cam shows that you haven't touched yourself once. I thank you for following instructions and taking no liberties that you are not allowed. Watch one last video and then come to my office, please.

Rick

The next video was a woman tied to a bed with her legs in the air, gagged. The room was filled with men who all seemed to be hard, waiting their turn. As each one fucked her, I read the expressions on her face. She liked it. But just as she looked like she was about to really get off, the guy fucking her would pull out and cum on her stomach. The frustrating screams made me wet and I had felt those same fruitless struggles against the ropes that had tied me in my own bedroom. Fuck! There’s no way that Rick should have known what had happened in the privacy of my own bedroom, but he seemed to have this uncanny ability to push every erotic button that I had. There I was, sitting in my chair with my anal plug throbbing and my wet pussy begging me for something, anything ... I understood the girl in the video and almost wanted to be her. She never did get any satisfaction. I kind of liked that she didn't. My mind was going to dark, lusty places it never had before.

I stood to make my way to Rick's office, checking to see if my wet spot had leaked through. Somehow it hadn't. Walking the short hall, I licked my lips. Were they dry or was this a manifestation of my desire? I felt my juices on my inner thighs slide lubricating each against the other while the anal plug teased me with every movement.

I stood in front of Rick's desk, waiting for him to finish a phone call. When he hung up the phone, he turned to meet my eyes, "How do you like your new position, Sung Hee?"

"I like it very much, Sir." I remembered to maintain formality. I think he expected it and liked it. And I enjoyed playing the submissive.

"Come here."

"Yes, Sir." I moved around his large desk and stood facing him in his turned chair. He reached under my skirt and parted my slick labia with his finger, sliding it inside of me slowly. He made a "come here" gesture with his finger and rubbed that perfect spot for only a second before pulling it out. He tasted his finger for what seemed like a very long moment, savoring my flavor.

"You've done very well, Sung Hee. I hadn't expected to find someone so soon, nor had I expected to find such an obedient assistant."

"Thank You, Sir." I felt nervous and excited, not knowing what to expect. I was hating myself for this but loving what I was feeling.

"I suppose you think I'll bend you over the desk and fuck you. But I'm not going to. Self-control is an important thing to have in a relationship such as you and I will have. To always do as you're told, to trust me with your body and your safety. We have to go slow, do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I have to know your desires, test your limits. And I have a feeling you don't quite know what your own limits are, do you?"

"No, Sir."

"I didn't think so." He stood up, hovering over me closely and whispered in my ear, "Did you like watching that woman be denied pleasure?"

I swallowed hard. I didn’t want to admit it, but croaked, "Yes, Sir."

"You wished you were her, didn't you?"

"Yes, Sir." God, how did he know?

"Good. Now I have another gift for you." He closed the blinds to the hallway and came back to where I was standing, "Unbutton your blouse and take it off."

My hands were shaking and my heart began to race as I followed his instructions. I had three buttons undone when I felt a stinging slap to my face.

"You respond to every command and request with 'Yes, Sir' is that understood, Sung Hee?"

"Yes, Sir." I felt the heat in my cheek, but kept unbuttoning my shirt. Why didn't I leave? I had never allowed a man to hit me or to have any power over me. But Rick did. In that moment I realized that I would have done anything he told me to do. When my shirt and chemise were lying with my bra on his desk, he folded his arms and stared at my breasts.

Then he stepped in front of me and moved his face to about six inches from mine and looked into my eyes. “Sung Hee. Always tell me the truth. I will be able to know if you are not truthful. Do you

understand?”

“Yes Sir,” I mumbled. It was hard to speak beneath his withering gaze.

“Tell me how you feel about your tits.”

“What?” I said and no more did the words leave my lips than I felt his hand slap hard on my cheek again.

“Don’t ever talk to me that way.” His words were precise and with very little emotion. The lack of emotion made them even more powerful. They felt even a little dangerous. “Tell me how you feel about your tits”.

“Well Sir, since I was 16 I have always thought that they were too small. I wanted bigger tits. But I have what nature and genetics provided me”.

"I see. Touch your nipples, I want them hard."

"Yes, Sir." I reached up and rubbed my nipples, feeling them react. I pinched them and pulled a little and felt them harden beneath my fingertips. He reached into a drawer and pulled out two clamps, metal with rubber on the tips. He fit one over my left nipple and screwed it closed until he saw me wince. Then did the same with the right and sat down in his chair.

"Put your things back on and return to your office, Sung Hee."

"Yes, Sir." I had to put my bra on carefully to avoid even more pain. After buttoning my blouse, I saw my reflection in the window and no one would know even if they walked by me. I walked slowly down the hall to my office. The pain was intense. I remembered back to when I was a girl on the gymnastics team. Routine after routine after routine, until I felt I could no longer lift my leg above my head. Back then I learned to fight my way through the pain and exhaustion to keep going. As I tried to adjust to my new nipple clamps, I had to rely on those same skills I had when I was a young girl. The stinging pain was relentless. It made me breathe harder. I wanted to scream, I wanted to pound my fists on the desk, but I had to stifle the pain. There was one new side effect I had not expected – the pain in my nipples seems to travel a direct path to my cunt. My pussy seemed more alive than I had ever felt it before. Then my cunt sent signals directly to my brain – I wanted to be fucked. Badly. I felt wild. I felt like a whore. Thank God I was back in my office and not in Rick’s.

I checked my monitor. Another email. Another link. More porn. I felt like I would go insane. Self-control, I reminded myself. I would be rewarded for it. At least I hoped so. The video was a woman on

her hands and knees, her nipples clamped with weights hung on them. I could imagine the pulling pain she must have felt as her breasts were pulled out of shape, her nipples red and sore. A man had oiled up an anal plug that looked twice as big as mine and was pushing it into her. I cringed at first as I thought about the size of that plug in me, but then as I began to think about it, I wanted to try it. It was like my reactions to Tom back at UCLA again. I wanted to meet the challenge. I wanted to show I was strong. I wanted to prove I was not chickenshit.

Again, like the video I had watched earlier that day, I found myself wanting to be the girl in the video. I wanted her pain, wanted her desire. I felt it with her. I bit my lip and tried desperately not to start gyrating in my chair just to feel my anal plug move inside of me. Then the man took a paddle and smacked her left ass cheek so hard with it, I heard her scream and watched her skin turn red. I wanted him to do it again. Her screams sounded like pleasure. He did this repeatedly on both sides until her entire back end was red and swollen. He called her a whore. I smiled. I watched her beg him to fuck her, beg to have his cock inside of her. I knew how she felt. I would have begged for it in that moment as well. My nipples were throbbing, and my wetness only taunted me. My body was begging for release.

I was on the edge of my seat when my phone rang. I answered it, "Yes, Sir?"

"Close the movie and come into my office." He hung up the phone before I could respond. I walked back down the hallway toward Rick’s office. I had a few fleeting thoughts about what am I doing? Shouldn’t I just turn around, walk to the elevator, and go home? But those thoughts evaporated as quickly as they came. I entered his office, desperate. I felt I was one large raw nerve.

"Yes, Sir?" I shut the door behind me, noticing that his blinds were still shut.

"Bend over the desk and lift your skirt."

I blushed as my heart raced. "Yes, Sir." I walked to the desk, stood next to him, lifted my skirt and bent over the desk, grabbing the opposite edge. No words were spoken, but I felt a stinging smack on my right cheek. I tried not to make a sound as I savored the pain. If I screamed, the lady in the hallway would hear me and it might displease Rick. I began counting the blows, allowing myself only small moans of pleasure with each. He did fifteen on each side. My ass felt like it was on fire, but somehow it made my pussy beg even harder. A cock inside me would make it all feel better. I wanted it so badly, so very badly.

"We're very compatible, Sung Hee. You're doing so well."

"Thank You, Sir." I only barely croaked the words out. I thought my voice sounded desperate.

"Turn around and get on your knees." I held the image of the woman in the movie in my mind and hurried to obey. "Yes, Sir."

He unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock hard as a rock. I looked up and smiled at him. Everything I was doing was pleasing him. He liked it just as much as I did, and I felt close to him. His cock was beautiful and I wanted it. I guessed eight inches and close to 2" in diameter, but not quite. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. "Put it in your mouth, Sung Hee." Rick leaned back and entrusted me with his hard on.

"Yes, Sir." I eagerly took it in my hands and licked the tip of it, enjoying every second. I sucked the tip, ran my tongue along the bottom vein, then began kneading it in my hand as I licked the crevice of the head with flicking motions. I thought about how much I wanted it inside of me. I wanted to bounce on it like that young girl on the yacht. I wanted to ease all of the pain I felt, but I noticed that I wanted to please Rick. I leaned down to lick his balls, shaved and firm. I sucked each one gently in my mouth; nibbling on his scrotum just a little and enjoying the moans of pleasure escape his lips. Then I grabbed the base of his cock and swallowed as much of his cock as I could, making sure my tongue made full contact with the underside on the way in and on the way out. I opened my throat and imagined that my mouth was my pussy, begging him to fuck me.

I listened to his sighs and groans and it made me want it more. I felt a new wave of wetness seep from my pussy and begin slicking my inner thighs. Fuck, I had never gotten this wet before! I realized that this man understood things about me that not even I had realized. It made me work harder. I looked up into his eyes and begged with small whimpers for him to cum in my mouth. I wanted to taste him. I wanted to please him. I wanted to watch his face as my mouth took him over the edge. He looked down at me just once and I felt his body stiffen, soon followed by a shooting stream in my throat. I eagerly swallowed, tasting his salty cum. I slowly milked his vein with my lips, savoring every last drop. When his cock was clean and there was nothing left to taste, I sat back on my heels and waited. I must have done well. He kept his eyes closed and looked like he had enjoyed the experience.

While I waited, I silently went insane. The taste of cum in my mouth, the burning and the stinging, my dripping wet pussy and the fullness in my ass all became one centralized desire. My body felt like one big raw nerve. I was desperate. I didn't care who it was; I would have let anyone fuck me in that moment. But when I looked at Rick, I realized at that moment I really wanted only him. A small moan of desperation escaped my mouth. Rick opened his eyes, "Well done, Sung Hee."

"Thank You, Sir."

"Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I thought so. I love that you want me so badly." He zipped his pants and sat up in his chair, "If I brought a man in here right now, would you fuck him?"

"Yes, Sir." It was as if he was reading my thoughts.

"Yes, you would." He contemplated me for a moment. "Desperation is motivation for success. I will train your body to desire serving me and others. I want it to be second nature for you."

"Yes, Sir." Just his words were making me wet. I felt as if one rub of my clit would send me over the edge.

"First I have to know your mind, your limits, your desires. I have to know what turns you on, what makes you tick. If I know where you go in your head, then I can go there too."

"Thank You, Sir."

"Your position in this company is permanent. "Practice your self control. Explore your fantasies and desires. I'll be with you every step of the way, watching and listening. When I do fuck you ... and I will ... it will be like nothing you've ever experienced."

"Yes, Sir."

"Now go back to your office and update your blog about this morning's events. I'm anxious to find out what you've been thinking. Hurry, we have a lunch engagement."

"Yes, Sir." I stood and walked back to my office, the desperate need to fuck Rick or someone still foremost in my thoughts.